

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES

No. 186

26p




# STARHAWK





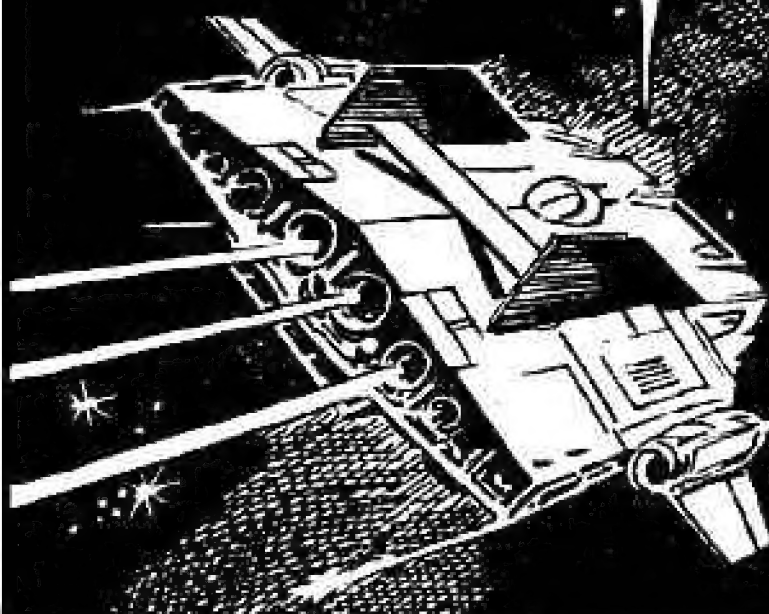
# STARHAWK

CENTURY 26 AD... THE GALAXY-SPANNING TERRAN EMPIRE IS CRUMBLING IN DECLINE, THE ALIEN KRELL RAVAGING ITS MARGINS, ITS ORDER REPLACED BY CHAOS AND THE DAWN OF A NEW BARBARISM AMID WHICH ONE MAN STANDS FOR THE LAW AND AS HELPER OF THE OPPRESSED... SOL RYNN, KNOWN AS STARHAWK...



TIME TO AWAKEN, MISTER RYNN. WE HAVE ARRIVED.

URH — A WHOLE MONTH IN STASIS, EH, DROID. SIX HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS IS A LONG HOP EVEN FOR WARP-DRIVE.




SHOULDN'T BE KRELL TROUBLE  
ON THIS SIDE OF THE GALAXY.  
OUR CALLER MUST BE UP  
AGAINST SOME OTHER PROBLEM.




STARHAWK'S CRAFT WAS ALERTED BY A  
SPECIAL COMMUNICATIONS CARD.

IF YOUR CAUSE IS JUST,  
BUT THE ODDS ARE  
TOO GREAT  
**USE ME**



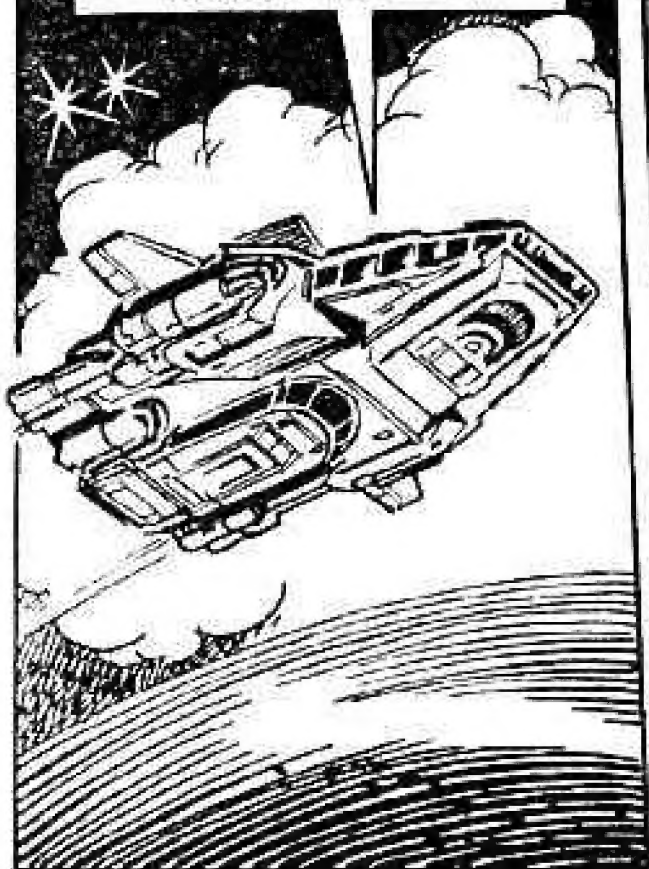
WENGEL'S STAR, A MAIN SYSTEM  
F-6 TYPE. THE FOURTH PLANET,  
WHICH WE NOW ORBIT, IS THE ONLY  
PLANET CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING  
TERRAN LIFE-FORMS.



WHICH MAKES IT THE MOST LIKELY  
SOURCE OF THAT DISTRESS CALL.  
RIGHT, DROID, LET'S GO IN.



MY DATABASE SHOWS WENGEL-FOUR TO BE EARTH-TYPE, RICH IN MINERALS AND GROWTH POTENTIAL — YET STRANGELY NEGLECTED. AN ATTEMPT AT MINING AND TWO EARLY SETTLEMENTS WERE ABANDONED.



WE ARE NOW OVER THE CULTIVATION AREA OF THE SECOND AND LAST SETTLEMENT.



ALL I SEE IS JUNGLE — NO, WAIT. SOMETHING IS COMING UP.



DWELLINGS, DROID — AND IT HASN'T BEEN ABANDONED.

A QUITE PRIMITIVE SPECTACLE,  
MISTER RYNN — AND ODD.  
NONE OF THOSE PEOPLE EVEN  
LOOKED UP AT WHAT MUST BE  
THE RARE SIGHT OF A  
STARSHIP PASSING OVER.

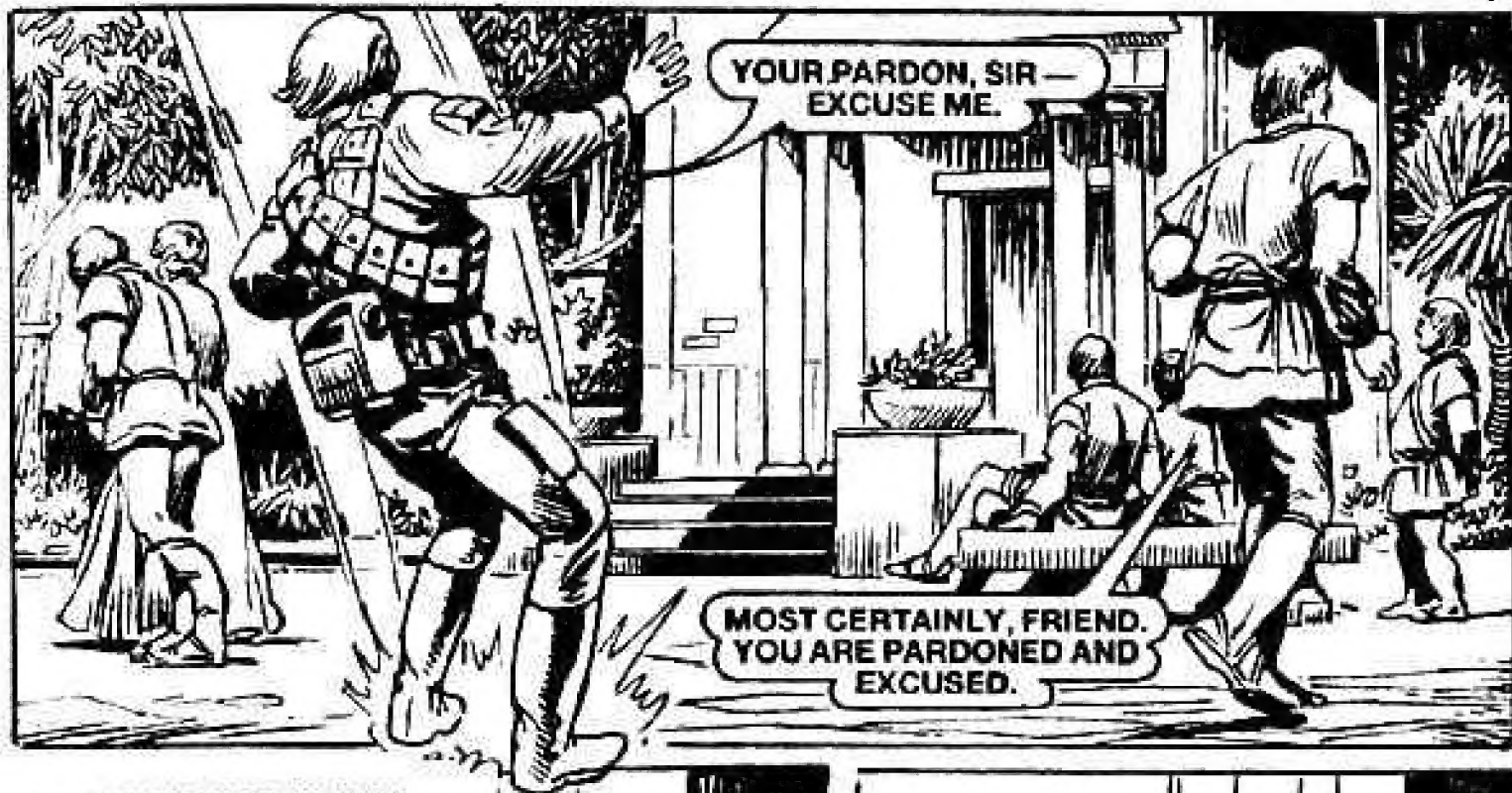
WE'LL PLAY IT SAFE,  
DROID. HOLD THE SHIP  
IN A HIGH HOVER AND  
LOWER ME BY  
TRACTION BEAM.

STARHAWK DESCENDED ...

YOU'RE RIGHT, DROID  
— IT'S ODD. NOBODY'S  
EVEN BOTHERING TO  
LOOK UP AT ME.





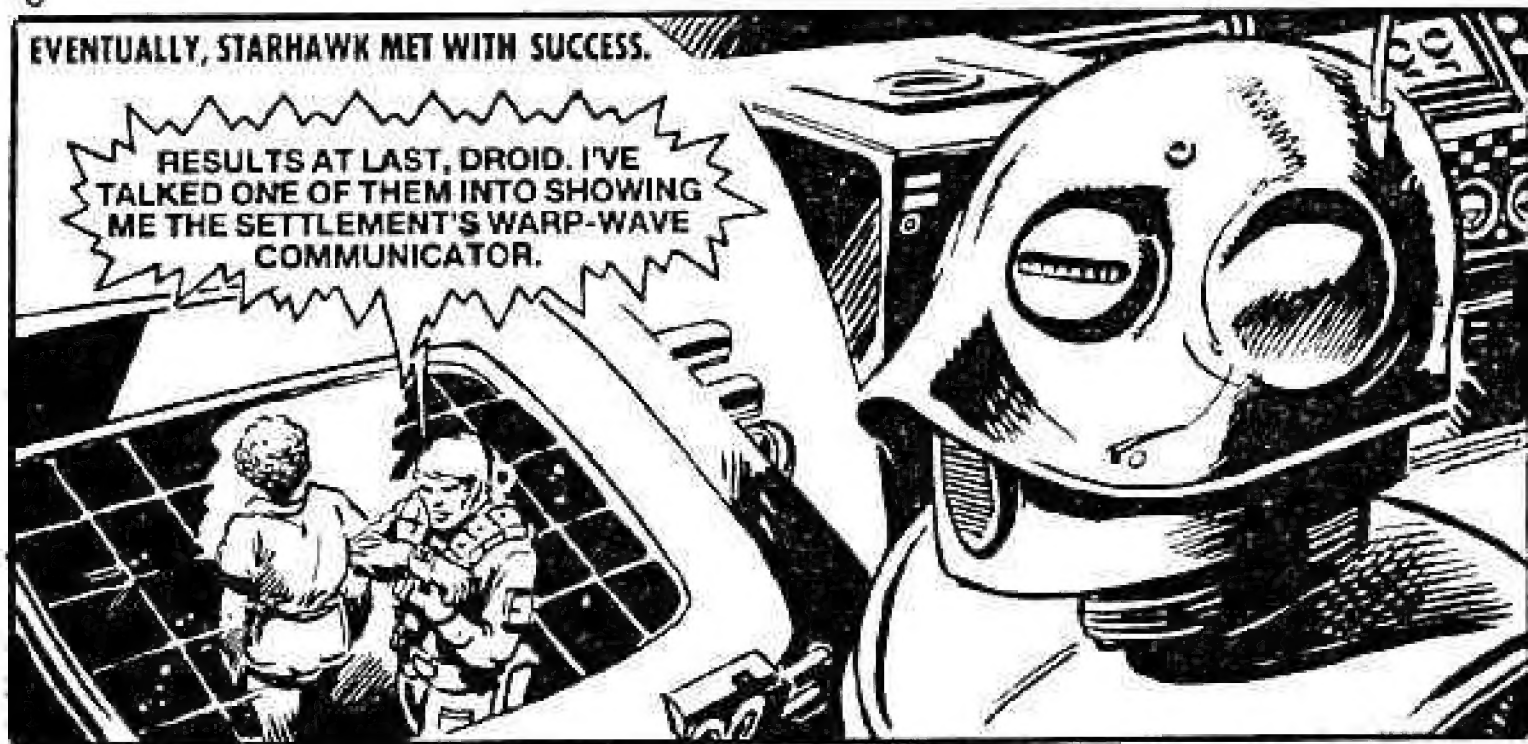


STARHAWK MADE ANOTHER  
BID FOR ATTENTION ...



EVENTUALLY, STARHAWK MET WITH SUCCESS.

RESULTS AT LAST, DROID. I'VE  
TALKED ONE OF THEM INTO SHOWING  
ME THE SETTLEMENT'S WARP-WAVE  
COMMUNICATOR.



I BID YOU OPEN.

AT LEAST ONE PERSON IS  
HELPFUL.





ONCE INSIDE THE BUILDING—

YOU SAY THIS COMMUNICATOR HAS NOT BEEN USED FOR TWENTY TERRAN YEAR PERIODS. IS IT THE ONLY ONE ON THE PLANET?

ONE OTHER UNIT WAS INSTALLED AT THE MINING OPERATION OVER ON THE NIGHT-SIDE.



STARHAWK RETURNED ABOARD SHIP ...

WHAT A SEND OFF! I COULD BE  
INVISIBLE FOR ALL THE NOTICE  
THOSE PEOPLE TAKE.

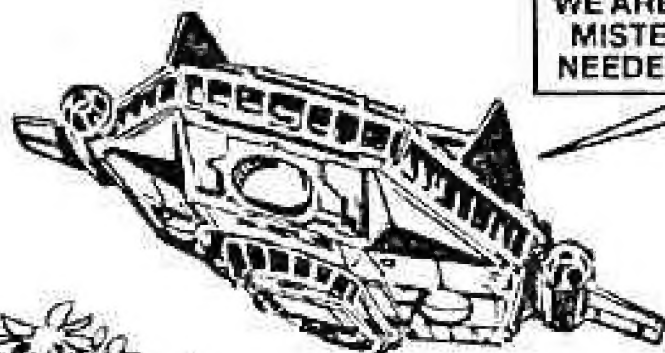


DROID, IT WAS REALLY CREEPY  
DOWN THERE. I'VE NEVER MET  
FOLK SO INCURIOUS, RELAXED AND  
PEACEFUL.

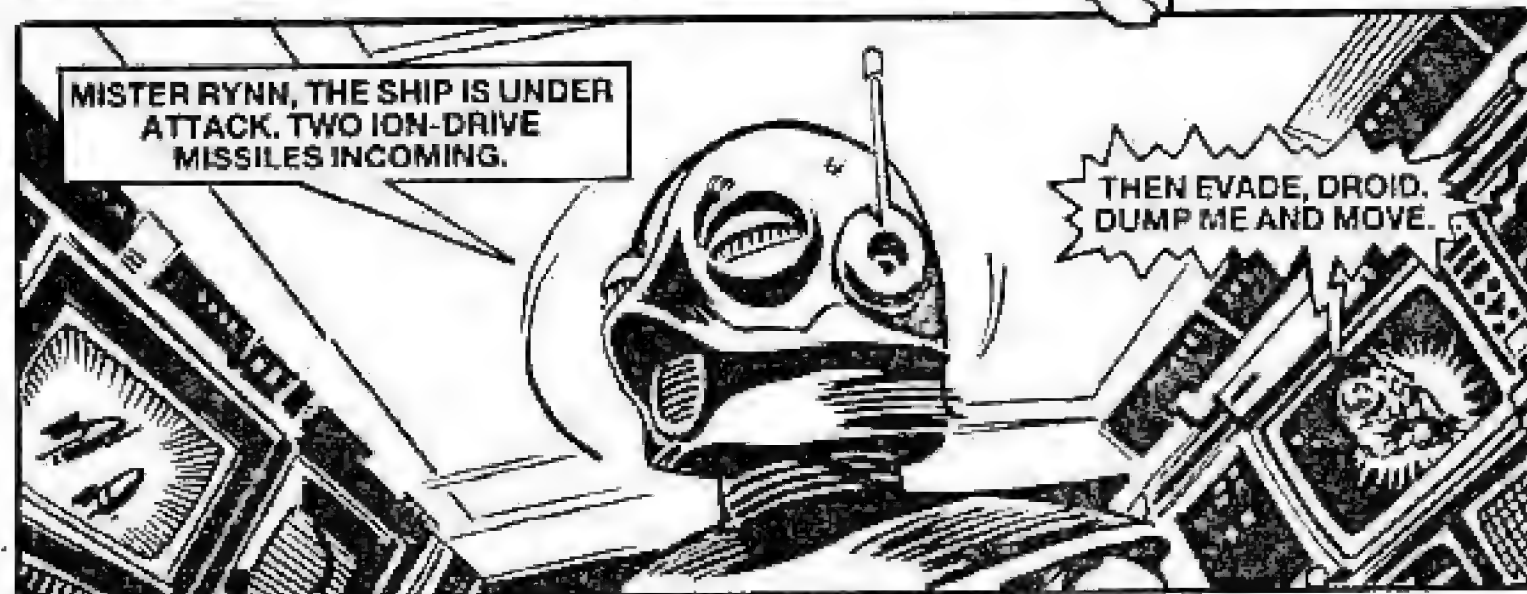
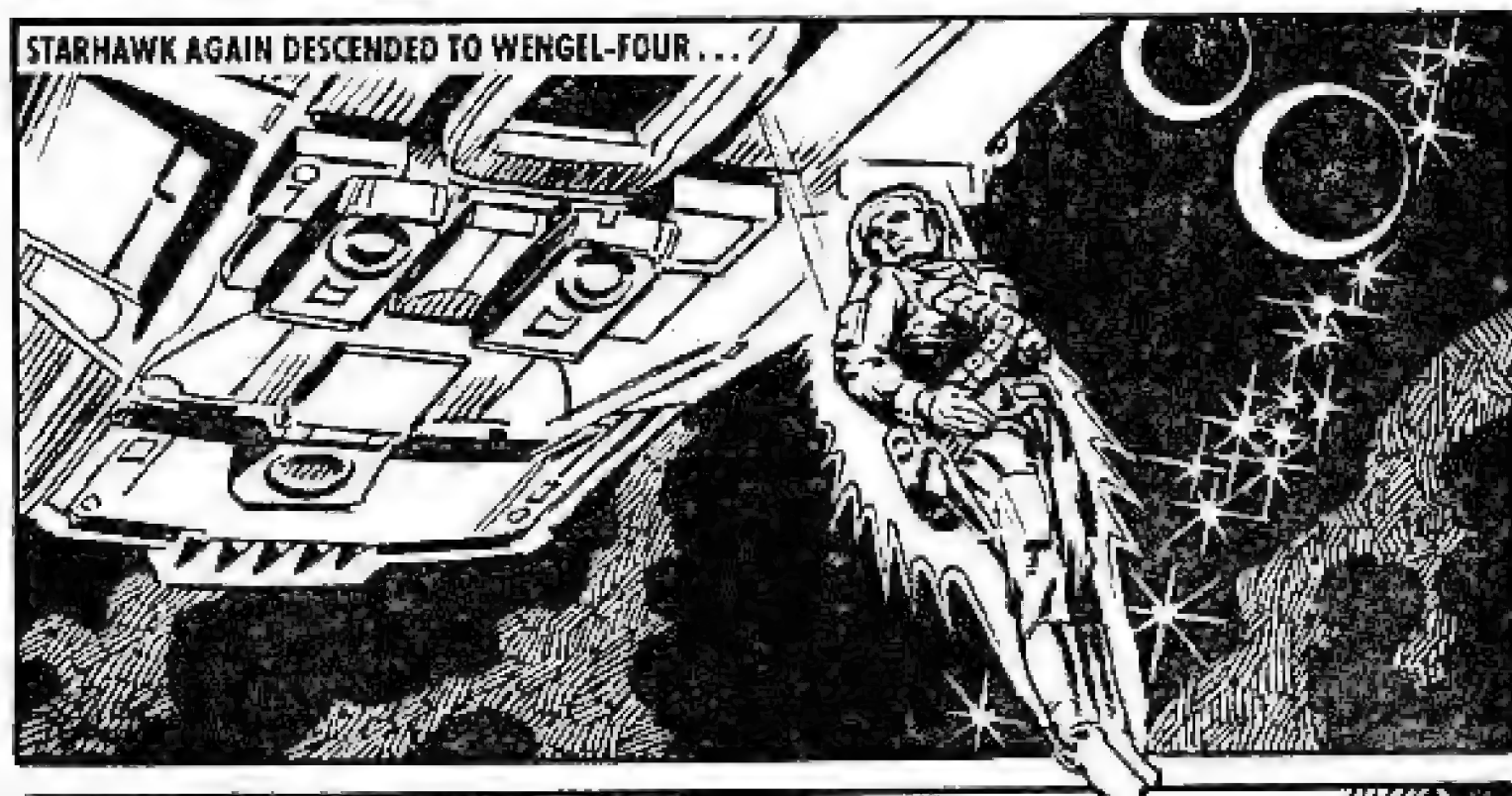


DEFINITELY NOT WHAT I HAVE COME TO  
EXPECT OF HUMANS, MISTER RYNN. I  
ASSUME YOU WISH COURSE SET FOR THE  
OLD MINING CAMP?

WE ARE MOVING FROM THE DAY-SIDE,  
MISTER RYNN. INFRA-SCAN WILL BE  
NEEDED TO AID YOUR HUMAN VISION.







STARHAWK TUMBLED ...



VERY WELL, MISTER RYNN.  
EVASION COMMENCING.

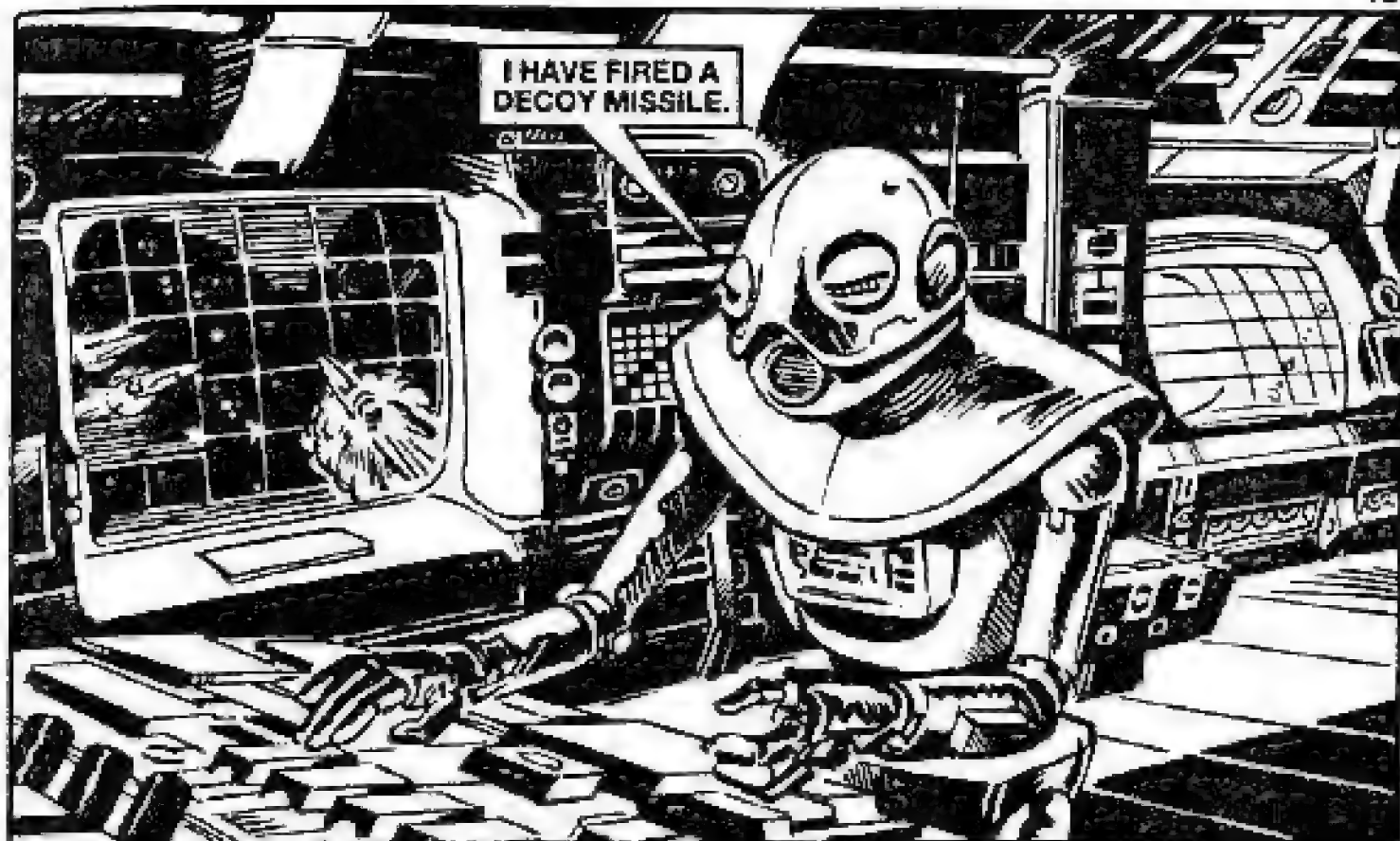
JETPACK FUNCTIONING.



MISTER RYNN, I AM NOW CLEAR OF  
THE ATMOSPHERE. MISSILES STILL  
IN PURSUIT. I CANNOT USE THE  
ENERGY SHIELD SO CLOSE TO A  
PLANET ...








THE DECOY IS IGNORED. MISTER RYNN, THOSE MISSILES CAN THINK — THEY ARE CLOSING IN.










RADIATION INDICATES ENERGY SOURCE. THIS COULD BE THE COMMUNICATOR UNIT, BUT THE STRUCTURE IS TIGHTLY SEALED.



SO LET'S UNLOCK IT WITH A MESON-BLAST.















UNLESS HE IS JUST WORKING ON  
FRESH VENTILATION FOR THE  
PLACE!

MAY AS WELL USE  
THE NEW EXIT.



NOW THERE'S  
TWO OF THEM.



STOP HIM!





STARHAWK'S THOUGHTS WERE RUDELY INTERRUPTED —

ANOTHER MUTANT!

GRRAAOW!

AND JUST AS UNPLEASANT  
AS THAT OTHER PAIR.



STARHAWK DROPPED DOWN INTO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER —



A HUMAN BEING?

THIS WAY,  
PILGRIM.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT THING.  
IT'S JUST SHOOTING BLIND! THE  
MUTANTS ARE EASY ENOUGH TO  
DODGE.

I'M ORKINS, CARETAKER FOR  
MAGALOS MINING. RETIRED  
SPACERS LIKE ME COME  
CHEAPER THAN VALUABLE  
ROBOTECHS! A CUSHY  
BILLET — OR WAS BEFORE  
THEM MONSTROSITIES  
TURNED UP. COME ON, DOWN  
HERE.






THEY DESCENDED ON A GRAY-PAD.

I RECKON YOU MUST BE  
STARHAWK. WHAT TOOK  
YOU SO LONG GETTING  
HERE?

SO THE CALL CAME FROM  
YOU, ORKINS. WELL, I DID  
HAVE TO WARP OVER SIX  
HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS.

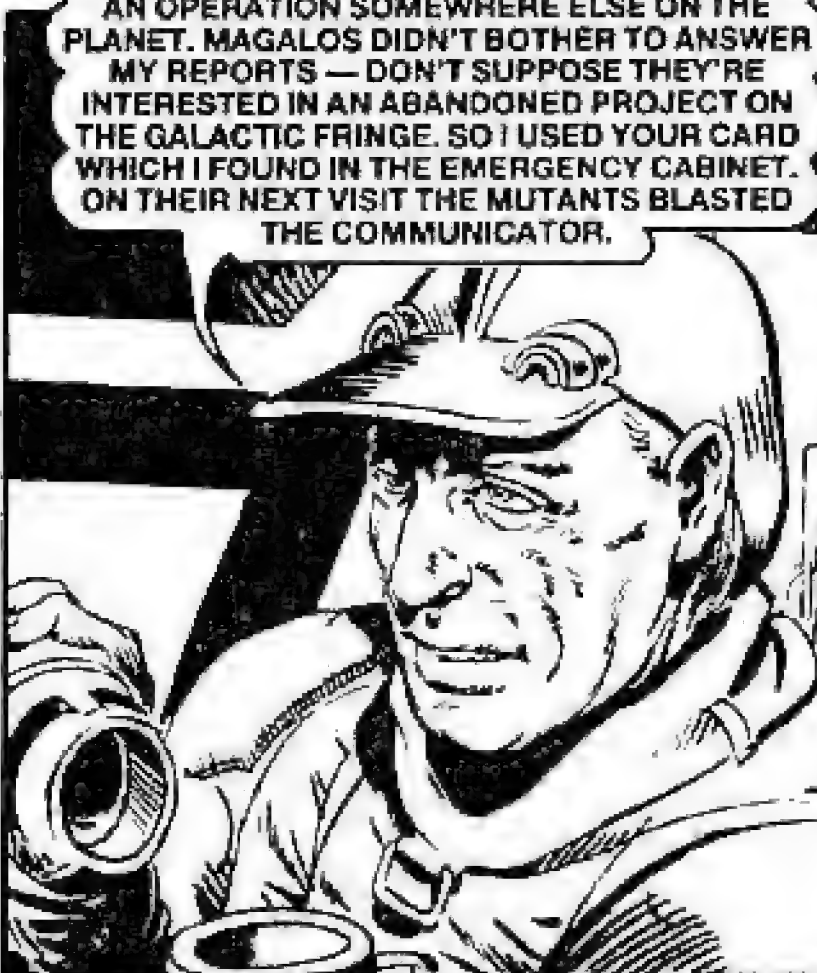
THE MUTANTS STRIPPED THE  
FISSION UNIT, BUT I RIGGED  
AN EMERGENCY UNIT TO  
KEEP POWER TO THIS ANTI-  
GRAV LIFT AND A FEW OTHER  
ITEMS.






I SLEEP HERE — SINCE THEM  
MUTANTS BLASTED MY COTTAGE.  
THEY TURNED UP ABOUT A HUNDRED  
TERRAN DAY PERIODS AGO AND  
STARTED TAKING AWAY MACHINERY.  
I NEARLY GOT FRIED WHEN I  
OBJECTED AND SINCE THEN I'VE  
DODGED 'EM ...

A black and white comic panel showing two men in a workshop. The man on the right is wearing a cap and a flight suit, looking towards the left. The man on the left is wearing a flight suit and a helmet, looking down at something in his hands. The background is filled with various mechanical parts and tools.



LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE STILL SETTING UP  
AN OPERATION SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE  
PLANET. MAGALOS DIDN'T BOTHER TO ANSWER  
MY REPORTS — DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'RE  
INTERESTED IN AN ABANDONED PROJECT ON  
THE GALACTIC FRINGE. SO I USED YOUR CARD  
WHICH I FOUND IN THE EMERGENCY CABINET.  
ON THEIR NEXT VISIT THE MUTANTS BLASTED  
THE COMMUNICATOR.

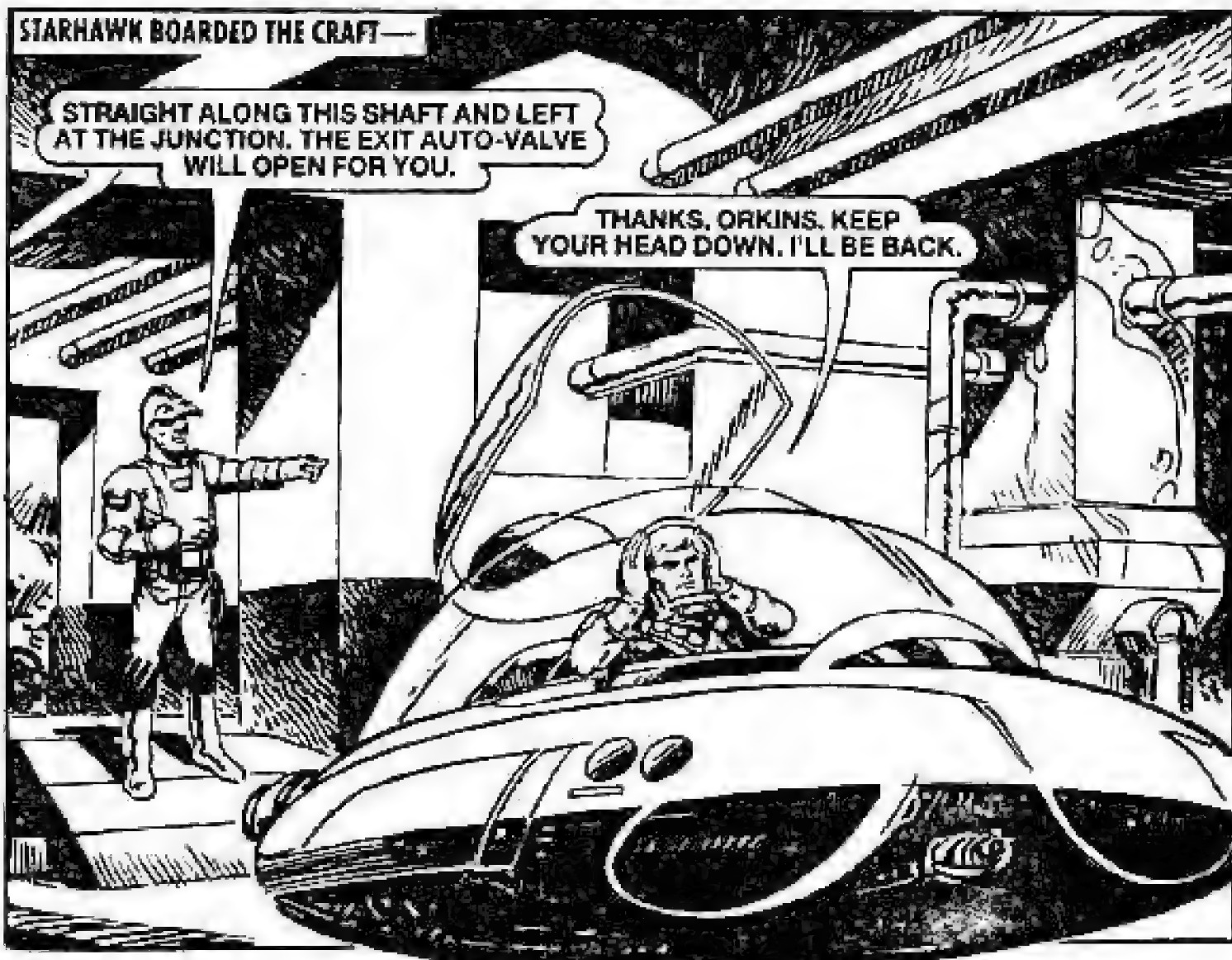
A close-up of a man's face, wearing a cap and a flight suit. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. The background is dark and indistinct.



THE COMMUNICATOR OVER IN  
THE SETTLEMENT IS STILL  
FUNCTIONAL, ORKINS.

A man in a workshop, wearing a flight suit and a helmet, looking at a piece of machinery. The background is filled with various mechanical parts and tools.



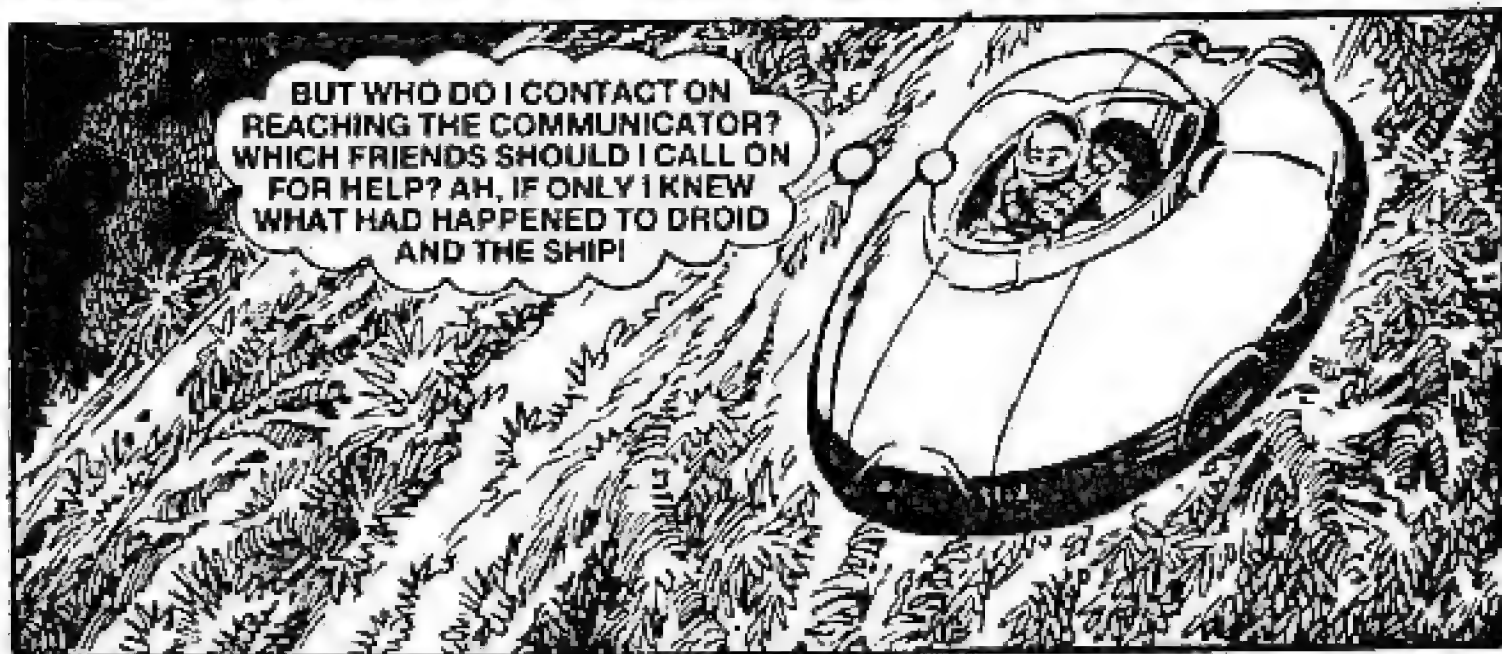


STARHAWK EMERGED IN DAYLIGHT ...

GUIDANCE READ-OUT SHOWS I'LL  
BE THREE NIGHT AND DAY PERIODS  
ROUNDING THE PLANET.



BUT WHO DO I CONTACT ON  
REACHING THE COMMUNICATOR?  
WHICH FRIENDS SHOULD I CALL ON  
FOR HELP? AH, IF ONLY I KNEW  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO DROID  
AND THE SHIP!



STARHAWK TO DROID! COME IN,  
DROID! STILL NO ANSWER.





WHAT THE ...





STARHAWK BALED OUT...







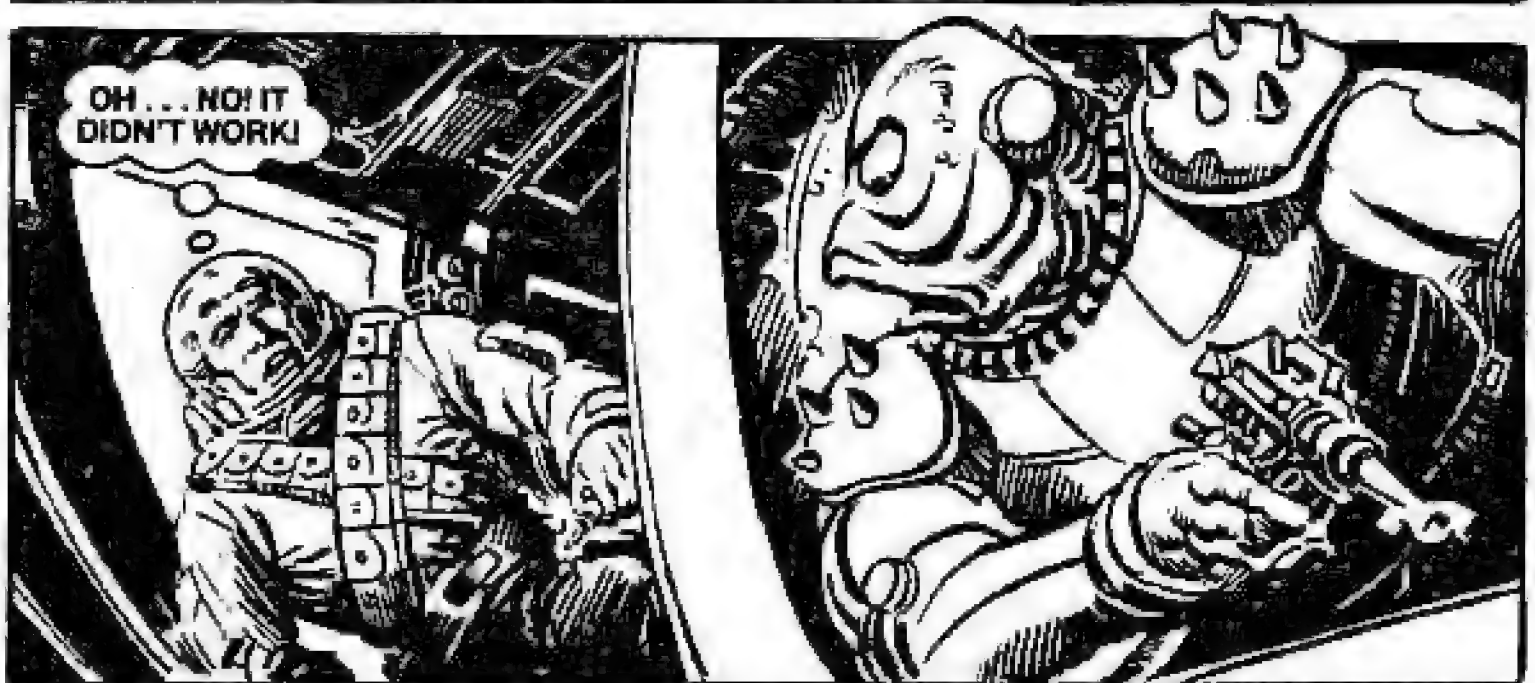


TWO MUTANTS GETTING OUT.  
THEY REALLY DO MEAN TO  
MAKE SURE OF ME.

STARHAWK REMAINED CONCEALED AS THE MUTANTS BLASTED AT THE CRAFT.









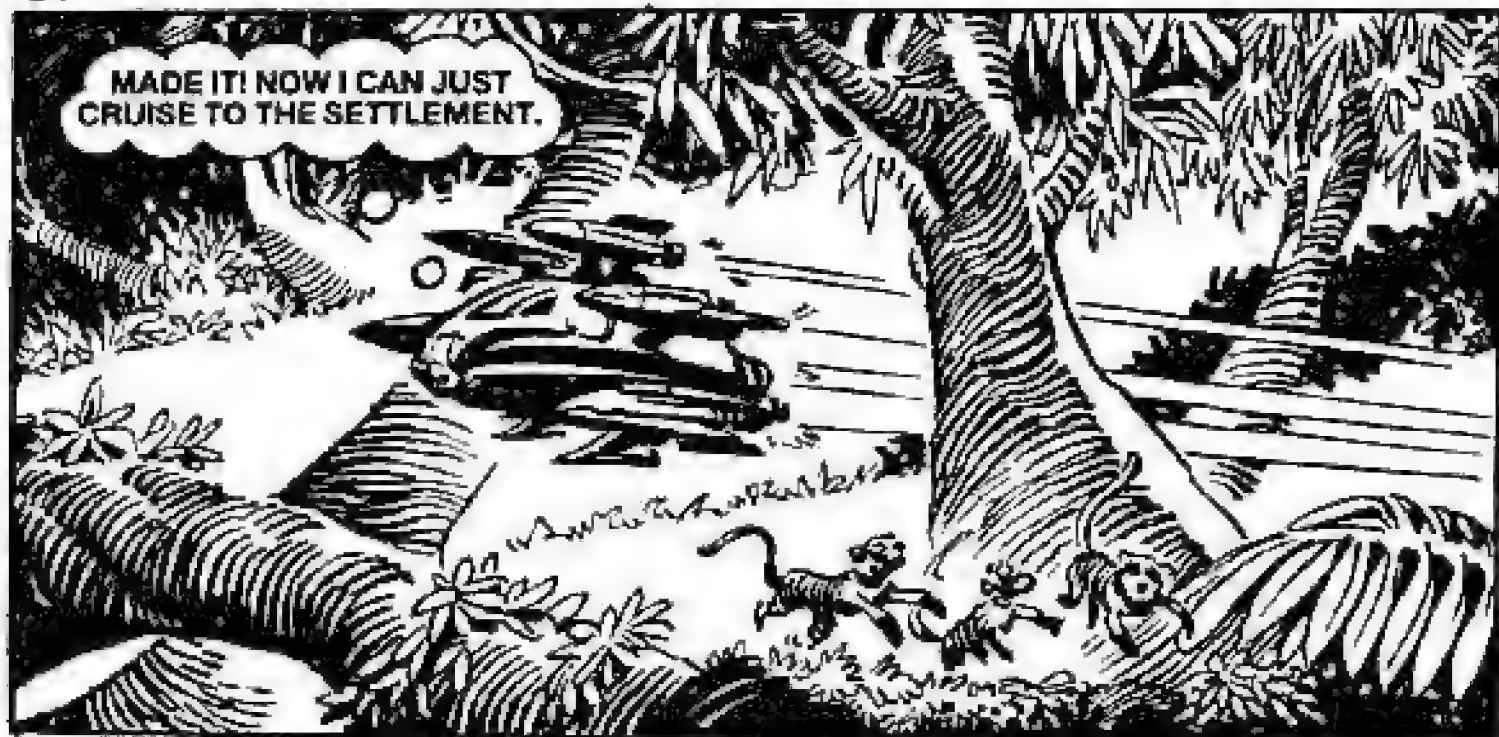


STARHAWK DIDN'T WASTE TIME TAKING CONTROL OF THE NOW ABANDONED CRAFT.

VERY SOON I'M GOING TO HAVE THOSE OTHER TWO HEADING MY WAY.

STARHAWK BLASTED OFF —





MADE IT! NOW I CAN JUST  
CRUISE TO THE SETTLEMENT.



COME IN, SCOUTER! DO YOU HEAR  
ME? CONFOUND YOU — ANSWER!

THAT FACE . . . THAT IS NO MUTANT! HE'S  
HUMAN — SORT OF. COMPUTER-TRACE  
TRANSMISSION.



THE FACE VANISHED FROM THE HELIJET'S SCREEN.

IT'S GONE, BUT I HAVE A TRACE. I  
REALLY DO MISS DROID FOR THIS  
HEAVY WORK.

STARHAWK FLEW ON INTO THE NIGHT-SIDE ...

I'M SURE I'VE SEEN THAT  
FACE SOMEWHERE BEFORE.



NEARLY THERE — AND SOMETHING  
IS COMING UP ON THE INFRA-SCAN.

THE INFRA-SCAN DETECTED  
ANYTHING GIVING OFF HEAT.

AS HE PASSED OVERHEAD—



IT'S ANOTHER  
MINING OPERATION.


STARHAWK PARKED THE HELIJET ...

MUST BE A PIRATE VEN-  
TURE. MAGALOS MINING  
HAS THE ONLY FRANCHISE  
TO WORK THIS PLANET.





A SHAFT GUARDED BY MUTANTS.  
MACHINERY NOISE INSIDE.



STARHAWK EXAMINED  
A PILE OF WASTE.


SPOIL FROM ORE  
THAT'S BEEN CRUSHED  
AND WORKED. MUST BE  
QUITE AN OPERATION  
GOING ON IN THAT  
HOLE.



AS HE MOVED CLOSER TO THE WORKING,  
HE HIT A DEFENCE MECHANISM.


FZZZZT!

AAAH



IT'S A FORCEFIELD GUARDING A SHIP, AND A NEW HIGH-POWERED SPACE-WARPER AT THAT.

HE RETURNED TO THE HELIJET—



THAT DISCHARGE MUST HAVE REGISTERED, BUT NO GUARDS CAME TO INVESTIGATE. WHY?

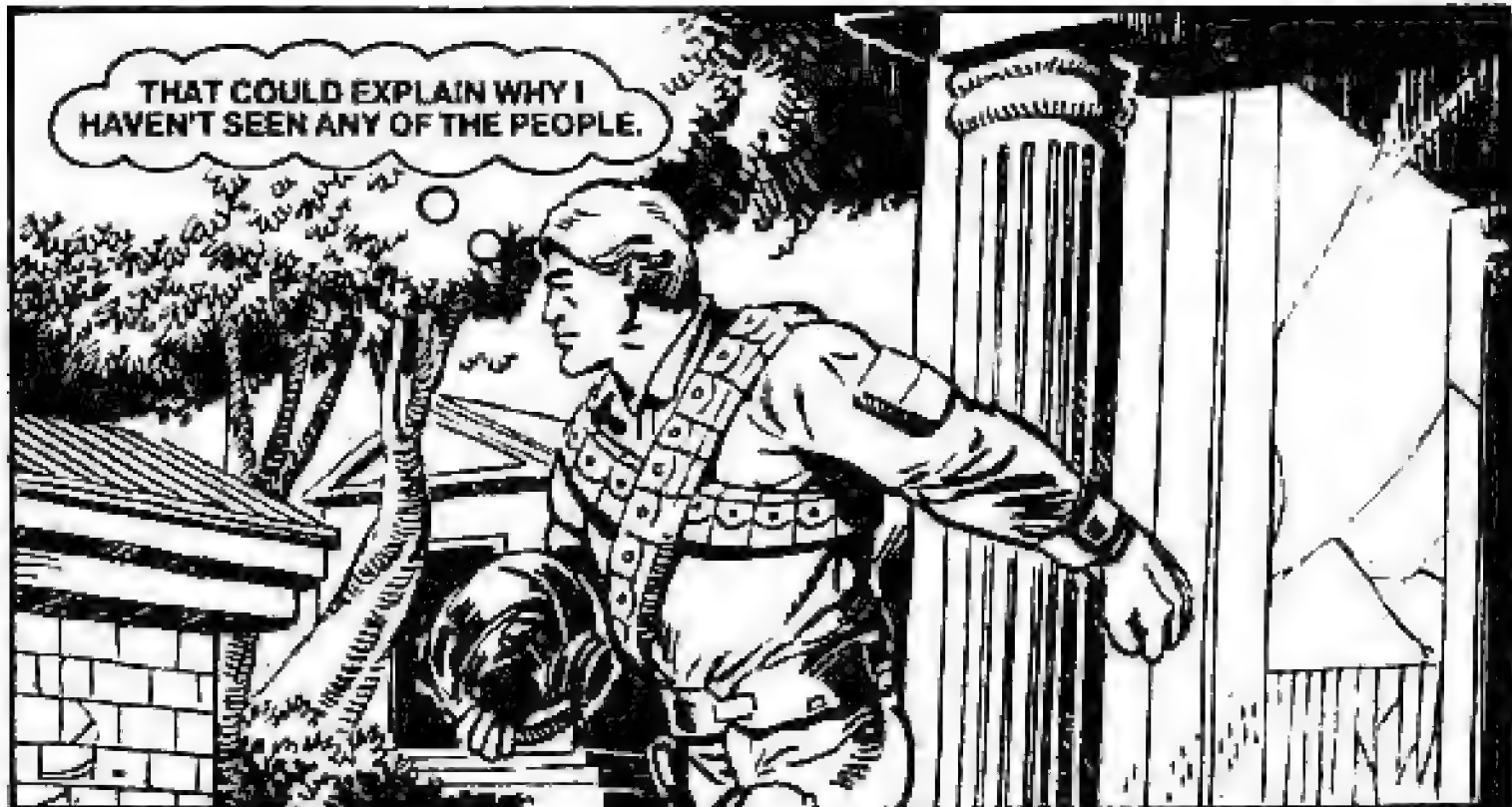






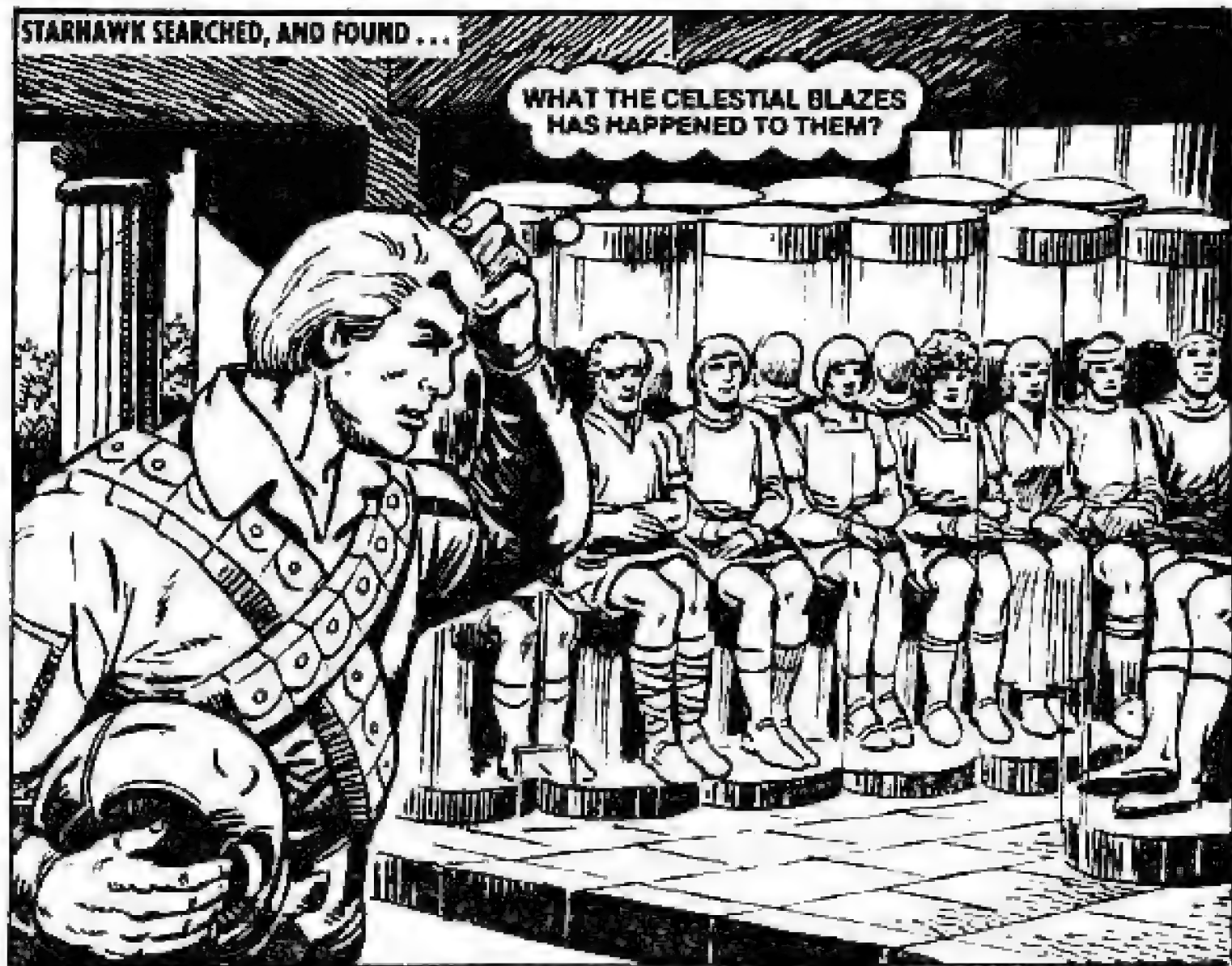


THAT COULD EXPLAIN WHY I  
HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THE PEOPLE.



STARHAWK SEARCHED, AND FOUND ...

WHAT THE CELESTIAL BLAZES  
HAS HAPPENED TO THEM?



A HOLOGRAM FLICKERED INTO LIFE—

JUST WINDOW-DRESSING,  
MISTER SOL RYNN — GENETIC  
FREAKS FROM MY  
LABORATORIES PROGRAMMED  
TO PROVIDE A PEACEFUL  
IMPRESSION FOR INTRUDERS.  
THEY MAY BE DEACTIVATED  
WHEN NOT IN USE.

THAT FACE AGAIN.











RE-ACTIVATED, THE FREAKS ROUNDED ON STARHAWK.

DEFINITELY NO LONGER  
HAPPY IDLERS.



STARHAWK RAN ...



A RAPID TAKE-OFF BY  
HELJET SEEMS INDICATED.

BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE CRAFT—



MUTANTS!

STARHAWK MADE A CHANGE OF COURSE ...

ME OR MUTANTS — THEY  
CAN'T TELL THE DIFFER-  
ENCE. THEY'VE LOST ME,  
BUT THEY CONTINUE ON  
THEIR BLOODTHIRSTY WAY.

THE TRANSFORMED IDLERS WENT  
FOR THE MUTANT GUARDS ...

KILL

KILL


KILL

KILL

KILL



THE HELIET BLASTED OFF—



SUCH OBEDIENT CREATURES, AS GALOS SAID. LUCKY FOR ME HE DIDN'T MAKE HIS KILLING ORDER VERY PRECISE.

LOOKS LIKE THE MUTANTS WON. NOW THEY'RE AFTER ME.



NOW THEY'VE  
FOUND ME!



MISTER RYNN.

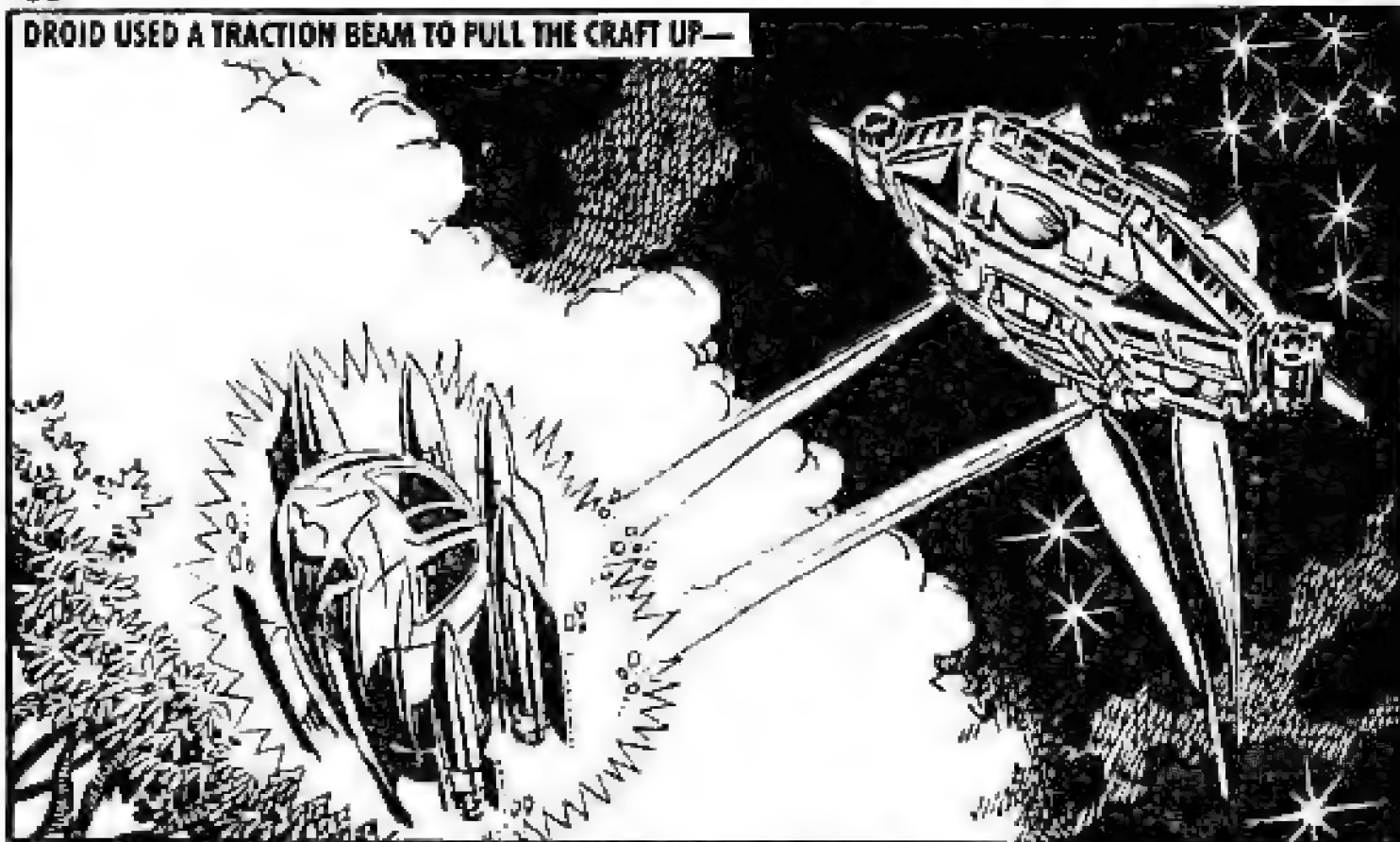
BEP.  
BEP.

DROID!!!





**DROID USED A TRACTION BEAM TO PULL THE CRAFT UP—**



**STARHAWK WAS BEAMED ABOARD ...**

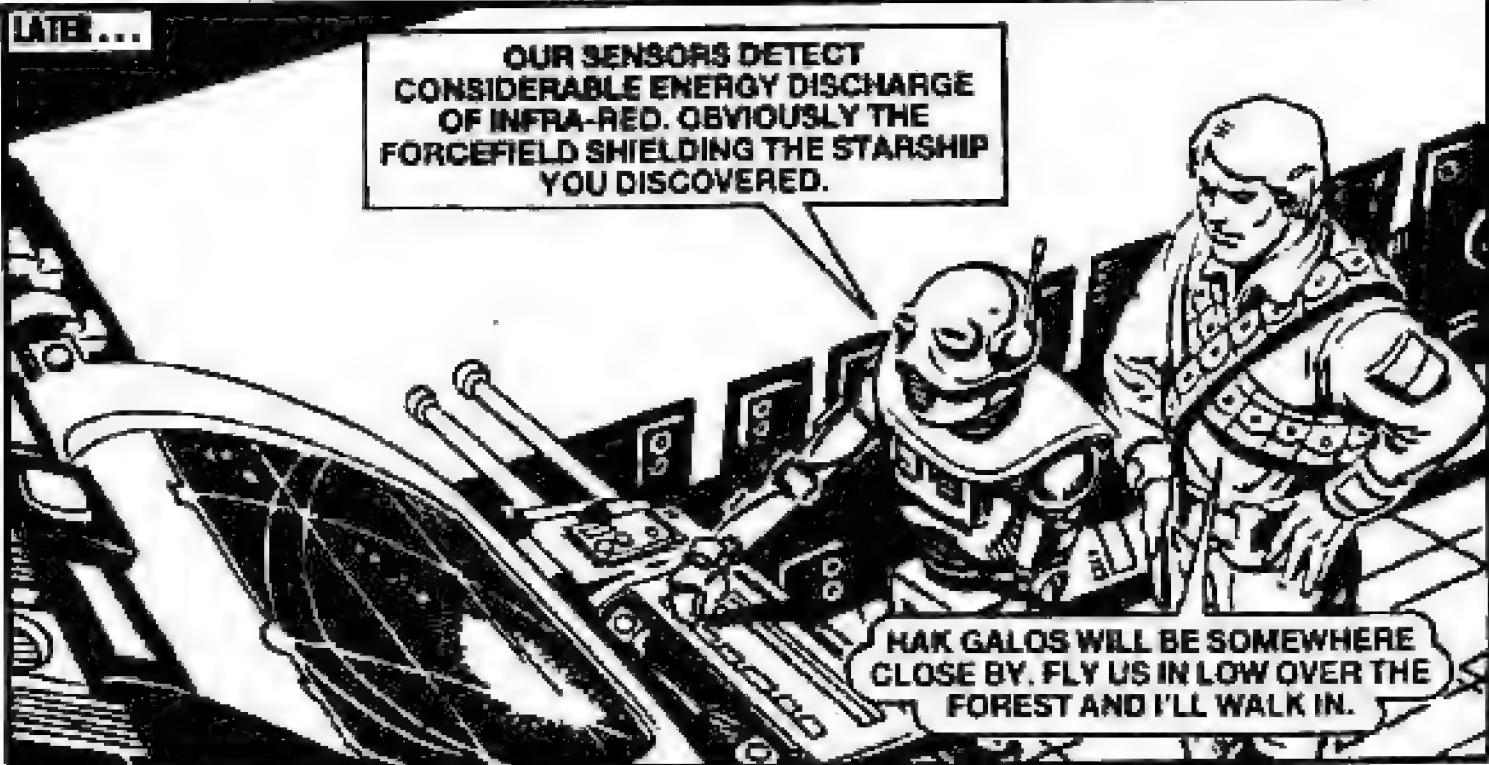
**BY THE WAY, WE HAVE A  
PASSENGER, MISTER RYNN.**

**HUH! WHO?**





LATER ...



OUR SENSORS DETECT  
CONSIDERABLE ENERGY DISCHARGE  
OF INFRA-RED. OBVIOUSLY THE  
FORCEFIELD SHIELDING THE STARSHIP  
YOU DISCOVERED.

HAK GALOS WILL BE SOMEWHERE  
CLOSE BY. FLY US IN LOW OVER THE  
FOREST AND I'LL WALK IN.



I'M WITH YOU, STARHAWK. I CAN STILL  
HANDLE MESELF IN A FIGHT.

FINE, ORKINS.  
COME ALONG.



THEY LANDED NOT FAR FROM THE STARSHIP —

DROID, KINDLY TAKE CARE OF THINGS AS WE ARRANGED.

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, MISTER RYNN.

MAYBE HAK GALOS IS ABOARD THAT SHIP.

NO, HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH HIS MUTANTS FROM WITHIN THE FORCEFIELD.

DROID RAPIDLY ANALYSED THE CONTENTS OF A CONTAINER.

TRIKALAK-KI! NO LESS THAN FOUR TONNES OF IT, MISTER RYNN!

ALL READY TO LOAD ABOARD WHEN THE FORCEFIELD IS LOWERED.

STARHAWK AND ORKINS MOVED ON ...

SOMETHING'S  
COMING OUR WAY.

INTO COVER — HURRY!

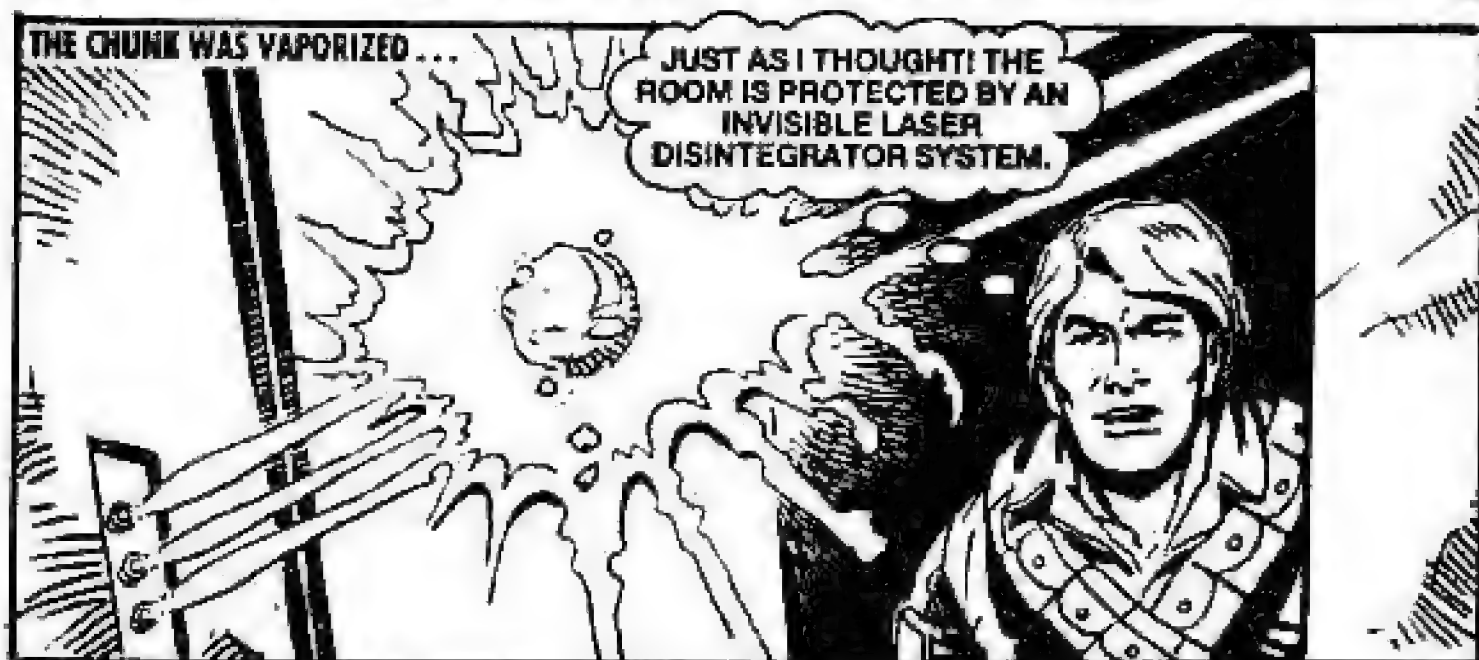


THE TRIKALAK-K IS BEING  
TAKEN TO THE SHIP.













YOU ARE A NUISANCE THAT I SHALL  
DISPOSE OF WITH MY OWN HANDS.

I'LL DOWN HIM WITH THE  
STUNWAND, STRANGE. THIS IS  
ALMOST TOO EASY.



IT'S NOT WORKING!

FOOLISH FELLOW! MY NERVOUS  
SYSTEM IS NOT OF THE  
ORDINARY KIND.



JUST IN TIME, STARHAWK DODGED ...



STARHAWK HEADED OUT OF THE MINE.

WHERE'S ORKINS?

A MUTANT!





**BUT BEFORE THE MUTANT COULD FIRE.**



**MISTER RYNN, YOUR ORDERS  
HAVE BEEN PRECISELY CARRIED  
OUT.**



**THE GALOS STARSHIP  
LIFTS OFF.**




STARHAWK'S SHIP ROSE IN PURSUIT ...



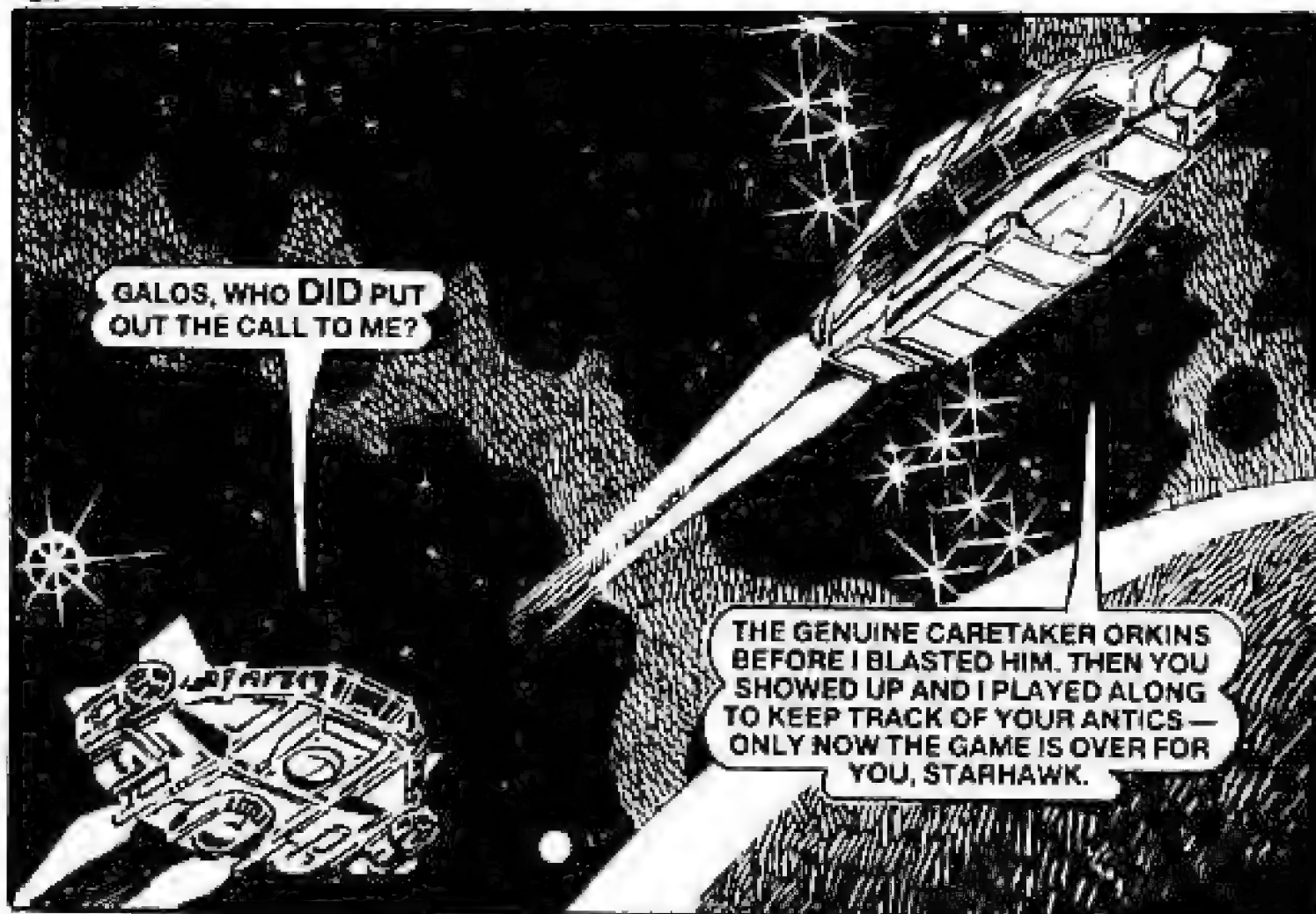
DROID, PUT A RADIO BEAM ON THAT TUB.

ONCE IN SPACE, A VID SCREEN CRACKLED INTO LIFE.



ORKINS — OTHERWISE  
HAK GALOS.

SO YOU FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT. YEAH,  
THAT ANDROID WAS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL  
A DUMMY FRONT.



GALOS, WHO DID PUT  
OUT THE CALL TO ME?

THE GENUINE CARETAKER ORKINS  
BEFORE I BLASTED HIM. THEN YOU  
SHOWED UP AND I PLAYED ALONG  
TO KEEP TRACK OF YOUR ANTICS —  
ONLY NOW THE GAME IS OVER FOR  
YOU, STARHAWK.

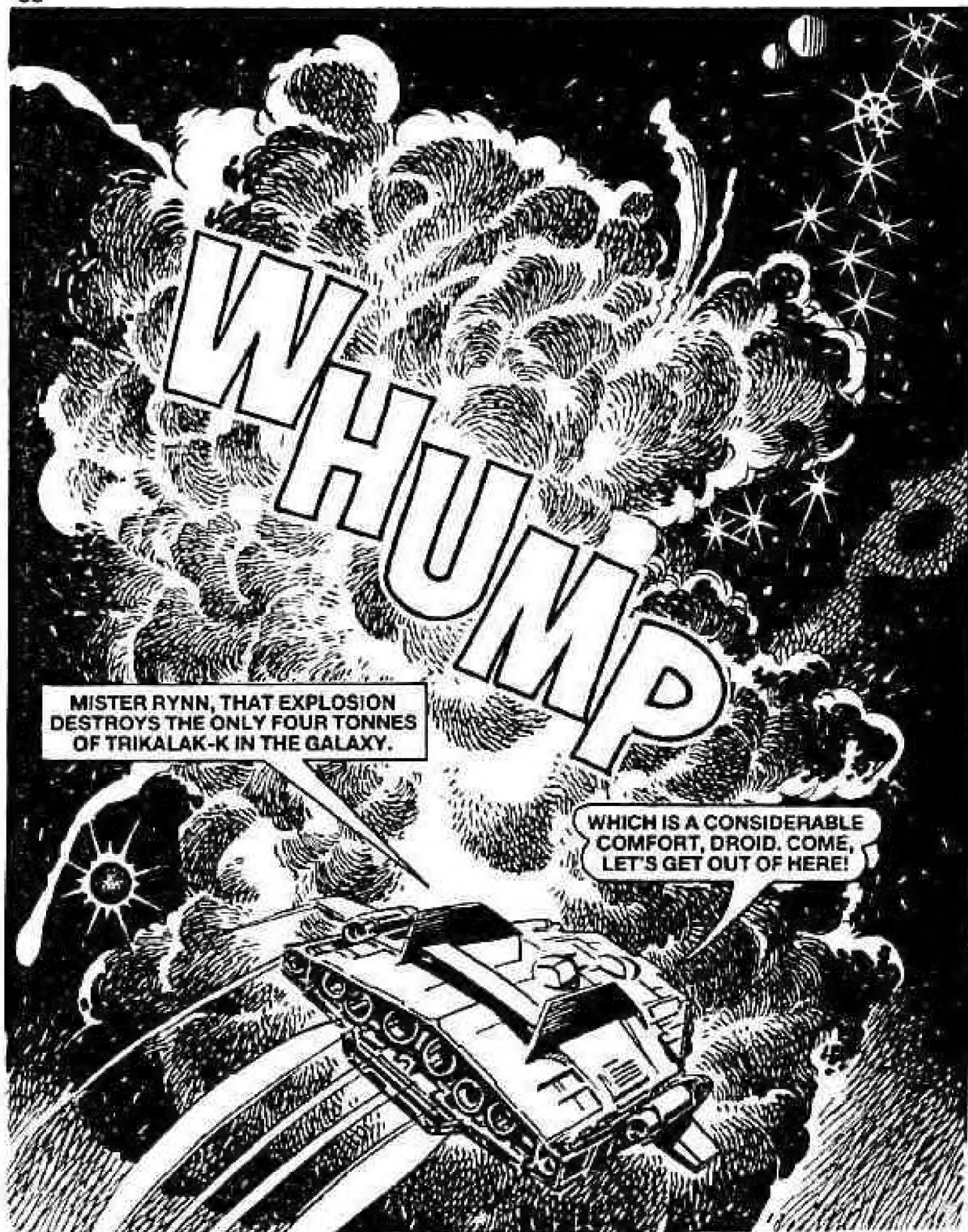


THERE IS A BOMB ON BOARD YOUR  
CRAFT. VERY SOON IT WILL BLOW.  
THIS TIMER WILL LIGHT UP,  
STARHAWK — AND YOUR SHIP WILL  
BECOME AN EXPANDING BUBBLE  
OF RADIO-ACTIVE DEBRIS.

YOU MUST BE THINKING OF THAT NUCLEAR  
DEVICE HIDDEN IN YOUR WORLDLY GOODS.  
DROID DETECTED IT WITH AN X-RAY SCAN  
WHEN HE GAVE YOU PASSAGE.







MISTER RYNN, THAT EXPLOSION  
DESTROYS THE ONLY FOUR TONNES  
OF TRIKALAK-K IN THE GALAXY.

WHICH IS A CONSIDERABLE  
COMFORT, DROID. COME,  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



**TWO  
GREAT  
FOOTBALL  
PICTURE  
STORY  
LIBRARIES  
EVERY  
MONTH!**



**64  
PAGES  
EACH**

**PLUS  
A FULL COLOUR  
MINI PIN-UP...  
...AND A PAGE  
OF FOOTBALL  
FUNNIES...  
IN EVERY ISSUE!**

**NOW ON SALE**

**26p**



# STARHAWK

The 3rd millenium, 2600 AD, and the Galaxy-spanning Terran Empire is crumbling in decline.

The savage alien Krell ravaging its borders and order replaced by chaos.

Barbarism exists everywhere, and amid this lawless bedlam one man stands for law and order — Sol Rynn, known as Starhawk.

